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SECOND COPY,

Fatal Street Duel at Okolona, Miss.

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

VOLUME LXXIV.—No. 1,136
Price 10 Cents.

BELLE GORDON, POLICE GAZETTE CHAMPION BAG PUNCHER—THIS WEEK



THEY WERE HOT SCORCHERS.

TWO PRETTY BLOOMER GIRLS OF WORCESTER, MASS., GIVE A BIKE COP A WARM CHASE.



Established 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK AND LONDON

Saturday, May 27, 1899.

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MR. RICHARD K. FOX

To be given to the bartender who
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1st, 1899, the best new recipe
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decide upon the winner

FOR FULL PARTICULARS

SEE PAGE 14---THIS ISSUE

Bear in mind that the POLICE GA-
ZETTE prints a recipe for
A NEW DRINK EVERY WEEK.Frame the Sporting Supplements
They will draw trade

RICHARD K. FOX,

PUBLISHER,

NEW YORK AND LONDON

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT
THE VAUDEVILLE PEOPLEWhat the Clever Performers Who Play the Varieties are Doing
and What They Expect to Do.

MANY ARE GETTING READY FOR THE SUMMER SEASON.

Some Are Going Abroad, Some Are Going Down by the Sad Sea Waves and Some
Are Going to Work Right Along Just the Same as Usual.Gerard and Bailey are still making a hit
with Rays' "A Hot Old Time."Jeanne Ardelle, of Walz and Ardelle, made a
decided hit at Keith's Union Square recently, singing
Horwitz and Bowers' popular song, "Because." Their
act was one of the big hits of the bill.Beatrice Campbell, a Western soubrette, and
H. C. Brown, of Hilo, Hawaiian Islands, were married
at Honolulu recently. Miss Campbell had been en-gaged to appear at the Honolulu Orpheum, but filled
the matrimonial contract instead. The couple will re-
side at Mr. Brown's house at Hilo.The Mitchell Sisters, who are particularly
clever singers and dancers, made a great hit at the
Dewey Theatre when they made their recent appear-
ance at that house.R. A. Roberts, who played "Capt. Hearts-
ease" in "Shenandoah" and who is also stage director of
the production, was called to Chicago recently, at three
hours' notice, to take the part played by Robert Hill-While Her Maid Arranges Her Coiffure She Admires the
Photograph of Her Latest Mash.Hard in "Sport-
ing Life" at Mc-
Vicker's Thea-
tre. Mr. Hilliard
is reported to
have broken his
wrist.Eleanor Falk
has made the hit
of her career at
the Brooklyn
Music Hall. She
was in excellent
voice, and her
chic and gracecaptivated the patrons of Percy Williams' popular
resort.Miss Norton, of Grant and Norton, will spend
the summer at Atlantic Highlands, where her parents
have leased a cottage.Charles Horwitz has written a new mono-
logue for Ray L. Royce, which he will do during his
next engagement on the Keith circuit.Arthur J. McWatters, of McWatters and
Tyson, has been called to his home in Saginaw, Mich.,
on account of the illness of his father.Alfred Klein, Maurice Barrymore, Wright
Huntington and Camille D'Arville are among those
booked for future appearances at the Proctor houses.The Gaiety Trio, Dorothy Neville, "Gus"
Thomas and Oriska Worden, made a big hit recentlyat the Grand Opera House, Pittsburg, in Miss Neville's
sketch, "A Jolly Good Fellow," in which they will con-
tinue to appear in vaudeville.Cheridah Simpson will go to England shortly
to appear in the music halls.Minnie Seligman will shortly appear at
Proctor's in a new one-act play.Bonnie Thornton says she will bet that she
will never lose her bag of diamonds again.St. Orage and Clay, the trick comedy bicy-
clists have opened on the Keith circuit in Boston.Lydia Barry will probably buy a home in
Bath Beach, L. I., in which she will rest for the sum-
mer.Cissie Loftus has been signed on the Keith
circuit and started in this week at Keith's Union Square
Theatre.Florine West had a bout with the grip at
Los Angeles, Cal., and was compelled to cancel her
engagement.James J. Armstrong, the well-known vaude-
ville agent, had a great testimonial concert at Koster &
Bia's on May 14.Harry Accoe, musical director and Alice
Mackay, both of Isham's Octoroons, were married at
Lancaster, O., recently.Marshall P. Wilder was very heavily fea-
tured during his engagement at the Orpheum, Los
Angeles, Cal. He was interviewed
and entertained, and had an alto-
gether charming time. He played
a return engagement at Proctor's
last week.Lydia Barry, Emma Carus
and Edna Bassett Marshall are all
making hits with that great song,
"Mid the Green Fields of Vir-
ginia."Alma Morgan, an English
actress recently arrived, is going to
appear in vaudeville in a condensed
version of "Cleopatra."Agnes Ardeck is having a
sketch written for her by Theodore
Kremer. It will be fully protected
by copyrights, both in this country
and Europe.Josephine Sabel has come
to be a favorite in Berlin. Her
rendition of a "Hot Time in the Old
Town To-night" has tickled the
Berliners immensely.The roof garden of the New
York Theatre will open about June
10 with a bill of foreign vaude-
ville artists and a novel production,
which is now being prepared."Tom" Browne, the whistler
and mimic will give a concert at
the City Hall in his old home,
Holyoke, Mass., on May 19. He
will be assisted by several well-known artists, and
will give his friends a treat in the way of a genuine
high-class vaudeville entertainment.Edith Bruce gave a trial performance in a
new monologue at Keith's, in Boston and made a
favorable impression."Fan" El Peak and Maude Shaw, banjoist
and pianist made a hit at the Theatre Francaise, Mon-
treal, Canada, last week.Henri Cannon, the famous fat man, who
weighs 613 pounds will be one of the attractions at the
Chutes in Denver next summer.Highland Park, in the Orange Mountains,
near Newark, N. J., has opened for the season.
Vaudeville will be a feature of the place during the
summer.Maude Courtney is suffering from a slight
throat trouble, which will compel her to rest for at
least ten days. She is being treated by a famous throat
specialist.Alice Montague and J. Royer West, the popu-
lar musical team, who have been on tour with "Joe"
Ott's company, are about to make their reappearance
in vaudeville.The Four Winslow Sisters are making a big
hit singing Horwitz and Bowers' song, "You Ain't
Changed a Bit From What You Used to Be." This
song is also being featured by the Silvers, "Al" Wilson,
T. J. Farron and others.Barnes and Sisson scored such a hit over the
Orpheum circuit that they played a special return en-
gagement at Los Angeles. They are doing a sketch
called "The Marriage Broker," which concludes with a
travesty on "Cyrano de Bergerac."

HANDY REFERENCE BOOKS

The best sporting Hand Books, Cocker's Guide, Dog Fl.,
Bartender's Guide, Card Player, and "Police Gazette" Stand-
ard Sporting Rules. Elegant Illustrations. Sold by all news-dealers
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FINE SUPPLEMENT OF FRANK ERNE, THE CLEVER BUFFALO LIGHTWEIGHT---FREE NEXT WEEK

RIOT IN A COURT ROOM

WOMEN OVERPOWER THE GUARDS
AT A MURDER TRIAL.

PITTSBURG'S SENSATION

BERTHA BEILSTEIN, THE ACCUSED, TELLS
A DRAMATIC STORY OF THE CRIME.

What is known as the Beilstein murder trial is at present the sensation of the day in Pittsburgh, Pa. The defendant in the case is Bertha Beilstein, and she is accused of killing her mother, and the case has excited so much interest that Pittsburghers haven't had a chance to think of much else.

At a recent hearing of the trial, when public interest was at fever heat, a riot broke out and for a time created a hubbub of excitement in the trial room, disturbing the progress of the trial so much that it had to be suspended for a time until order could be restored and Judge Frazer could issue orders for the controlling of the mob at the doors.

The fracas began without warning, coming as suddenly as a summer shower, and was as quickly over.

The court room had early been crowded to its fullest capacity, for it was known to the public that Bertha would be on the stand. So soon as the tipstaves thought it advisable not to let any more spectators in, they closed the swinging doors and held the crowd back. Others kept coming in a continual stream, and by 10 o'clock it is estimated that there were several hundred people in the corridors of the court house about the doors of the room in which the trial was going on. The large majority of this crowd was of the female sex, and so greatly had their morbid curiosity been aroused that they were many of them beyond themselves, and almost hysterical in their mad desire to get inside, and consequently they pushed and jammed and fermented until there was no chance of any one getting through the perspiring mass.

It was about this time that some messenger boys warned their way through to the doors.

Tipstaff Thomas A. Pender was on guard. He was about to open the doors to let the boys in when some woman, wild with vexation at being shut out, screamed:

"If them boys can get in so can I, and I'm going, too."

At that she made a break for the doors and half the crowd followed, the rest were carried along.

Another tipstaff standing by, shouted: "Knock them down," and the fight was merry on. Tipstaff Pender was borne back against the heavy jam of the door, all the time fighting at the crowd in desperation. The boys were lost in the push, but emerged afterward unscathed and jeering. Some of the women were set in a perfect frenzy by the excitement of the moment and began laughing out right and left and screaming all manner of incoherent things. Mr. Pender was by this time almost overcome and had been badly hurt on the right wrist, which he thought at first was broken, but proved only to have been badly wrenched.

The first hint on the inside of what was going on about the doors was the crashing sound of the mob as it struck the doors, followed by the screaming of women and the hoarse shouts of the excited tipstaves. In an instant the doors gave way and a half dozen of the crowd were piled into the room, to be grabbed by tipstaves inside and very rudely thrust out again.

Spectators jumped to their feet, the attorneys at the counsel table stood up in astonishment and Judge Frazer straightened up in his chair, took in the situation at a glance and called out: "Tipstaves, call the county commissioners and have them immediately send officers here to quell this disturbance. The court will rest until order is restored."

The tipstaves on the inside ran wildly about and shouted continually to the peaceable and orderly crowd inside, "Order, gentlemen! Order!" while the only disorder was without the room in the corridors. Hall officers were quickly summoned, and pushed and fought the mob back in the corridors until it was quiet again and then it was ordered very peremptorily to disperse. The people quickly quieted down and scattered, no one having been arrested.

Meanwhile the break in the proceedings of the trial was taken advantage of to give Miss Beilstein a short rest. This was done upon the advice of Dr. Chesson, the jail physician, who did not think the young woman could much longer stand the strain upon her nervous system, already shattered by her attempted suicide and the horror of her crime. Accordingly she was led out of the room and remained away about ten minutes and then was brought back, that the incomplete cross-examination might go on.

She was subjected to one of the longest and most vigorous cross-examinations in the history of the Pittsburgh courts.

Mr. Haymaker began the cross-examination in a manner that left every one for a time guessing what he was at. He wanted to know all about her father's business, his family and the families of her own brothers and sisters. Bertha answered all his questions simply, unerringly and in a well-modulated tone of voice, in which was not so much as a hint of fright, boldness or vexation. From this line of questioning Mr. Haymaker led on to one that disclosed all the little details of her home and social life before the murder. He asked her with what she busied herself about the house; if she entertained friends, made calls, took walks, played the piano, and a thousand and one little minutiae of her domestic life, both before and after her father's death. Thus it became soon evident, inasmuch as he was not eliciting any new facts that could possibly have any bearing on the case at issue, that he was

simply making a very clever memory test, in order to convince the jury that her strange forgetfulness while on the stand the day before in her own behalf was caused not by insanity or anything else.

Mr. Haymaker proceeded gently from questioning her about her quiet home life to the incidents that marked her trip to Chicago.

The whole object of the cross-examination summed up was to try and show that Bertha Beilstein is not insane—at least at present—as was proved by the fact that she is *compos mentis* upon every subject on which she was questioned and about which she remembered accurately the most minute details.

In her testimony the young woman said she had been greatly disturbed over the sudden death of her father, and had never really been herself since. On the Saturday night before her mother was shot, she (the witness) went out and bought an ounce of laudanum. She ate her supper, as usual, and then went to



She Poured Laudanum Into a Tumbler
But Does Not Remember Taking It.

bed. She was not able to sleep but tossed about restlessly.

At this point the examination became dramatic.

"Well," she continued, in answer to questioning, "I tossed around on the bed and I walked the floor. I knew that at some time or other the command would come to take my mother's life. I bought the laudanum that I might end my own life before that command came."

"When the clock struck 3 I started to pour the laudanum from the bottle into a tumbler. Suddenly I heard a voice calling to me, and my arms became like steel. The tumbler and bottle crashed to the floor. I knew the order had come."

I went to the dresser and got the revolver. Then I went into my mother's room, walked up to the bed and shot her. I do not remember anything that I did after the first shot, and I never knew until I was told about it last November."

"Do you know how many times you shot?"

"I do not."

"Do you remember of shooting yourself?"

"Yes, of discharging the revolver just once against myself."

"When this command came, you went immediately?"

"Yes. I did not hesitate."

"What made you do it, Bertha?"

"What made me do what?" This in a slightly surprised tone.

"Why, kill your mother."

"Because I thought it was my duty."

"Did you ever think before this that you saw your father in the room?"

"Yes. The moment I would dismiss the idea of kill-

ing either mother or myself, he would appear in my room."

"How did he appear?"

"I don't know. I don't remember whether it was in his natural form or his spiritual form, or what. I could see his face, though. He would remain half an hour, or so."

"While you were pouring laudanum into the glass the command came and you shot your mother at once?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember taking the laudanum?"

"No, sir."

"Or of using the revolver?"

"Yes, I know I used two, but I remember of shooting myself but once. The revolvers had been in a drawer five or six years."

"Do you have any recollection of opening the door or talking to a minister?"

"Not the slightest."

"Or walking to the bedside of your mother when other people were there and saying you had shot her?"

"No, sir."

At the conclusion of her evidence the witness was escorted out of court by two deputy sheriffs.

The trial is still on.

\$100 gold medal for a bartender. See page 14.

HIT A MAN WITH A BRICK.

Plucky Girl of Atlantic City, N. J., Resents His Attentions.

Most girls would have called a policeman or would have appealed to a passer-by. This young woman of Atlantic City, N. J., did neither. She picked up half a brick and with all the strength of her hundred pounds



of weight hurled it at the head of the man who annoyed her for months. The result was a call for an ambulance and an end to the long persecution.

She is small of body, but very strong for her twenty-two years. She is nervous and quick in her movements, and on this occasion had besides the brick another mighty weapon—righteous anger. She was thus twice armed when she met an unwelcome admirer on the street the other day.

He had followed her for months. He had pleaded his love in notes, on the streets and at every opportunity. She had rebuffed him constantly. He would pass her again and again on the streets, lifting his hat with a smile and attempting to speak to her. At different times in Camden she had been compelled to stop near a policeman to prevent this annoyance. She had refrained from a complaint to the police because she did not want the notoriety of a street scene.

Finally she went to Atlantic City, to visit friends ostensibly, but really to be rid of him. After three days she was quite sure that he had not followed her. Then he turned up and continued to annoy her in the same old way. He sent a note to her. He asked her to speak to him when they met again on the street. He wrote that he would kill her if she failed to do so.

"I knew he would not attempt to kill me because he is a great coward," she said. "I went out walking as usual and he appeared. I passed by without noticing him. He turned and followed me. Then he caught

my arm, insulted me and threatened to kill me. I tore loose from him and ran as fast as I could. He followed at greater speed, and I saw that I could not get away from him. I stopped and picked up half a brick. With all my strength I flung it at him as he approached. It struck his head and he fell to the ground without a word. I thought for a moment that I had killed him, but I had no regrets. I took the only means at hand to stop this man's attentions, and now for the first time in twelve months I feel that I may go on the streets and be safe from him."

The man appeared in the Police Court with bandages about his head. He had little to say for himself, and was placed under \$200 bail. The court room audience shouted its approval.

CHINAMEN VERSUS NEGROES.

A Chinese baseball team will be one of the novelties of the present sporting season. The organization which is made up of Chinamen, under the captaincy of Chin Sam, has been coached by Andrew Hussey, an old-time sporting man and ball player. The team will play its first match (name of the season next Saturday, May 20, at Washington Park, Brooklyn, with the Colored Giants of New York.

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS DANGEROUS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A countryman went to Portsmouth, Ohio, the other day to see the circus. He leaned up against the lions cage. The keeper warned him to get away, but he only laughed and said he guessed the beast wouldn't hurt him. Then one of the lions flashed a paw through the bars, stripped all the muscles from the farmer's left arm and terribly lacerated his face and shoulder.

CAN'T AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT IT.

Carnot, Ga., May 10, '99.

Dear Sir:—As you know I have delayed renewing my subscription to your valuable paper, please send it from date of expiration.

Anyone who wants to keep in touch with all kinds of sport can't afford to miss a single copy of the POLICE GAZETTE, the champion of square sport. Wishing you success, I remain yours, etc., L. R. PATTERSON, Assistant Postmaster.

HARRY C. VOGEL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Vogel not only takes an interesting photograph, but he writes an interesting letter, dated at Mazomanie, Wis., which is worth reproducing without any comment:

"Three years ago I purchased the news business in our city, and before the end of the first year the news business proved a great success; then I doubled my newsboy force and started two branch offices in different towns and ran under the name of The Mazomanie News Co. The second year I went to Minneapolis on a visit, where I first became acquainted with the POLICE GAZETTE. As soon as I got back to Mazomanie

I immediately put in an order for the GAZETTE with my news company, but to my disappointment the GAZETTE did not sell at all; the second I cancelled my order; a few months after that a saloonkeeper told me to get the POLICE GAZETTE for him. I then put in an order for three papers, which I sold; the next week I received ten copies, of which I sold nine; then I ordered some samples from you which you immediately sent. We pushed our sales and got up to fifty copies, and to-day we receive seventy-two copies and our list is continually growing.

"Long live the POLICE GAZETTE."

"I remain yours very respectfully,"

"HARRY C. VOGEL."

JOHN H. W. BYRNE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John H. W. Byrne, the comedian and monologue entertainer, is too well known to the New York public to need any extended notice in these columns. He has been before the public constantly for fifteen years, and has established himself as a favorite with our theatre goers. He is especially appreciated by those who enjoy keen, caustic wit and repartee. His latest production, a one-act play, "A Business Man," is conceded to be by all odds the best one-act play that has been seen on the vaudeville stage. Next season he produces a new comedy entitled "The Wrong Paper."

T. E. SNYDER, JR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Snyder, who owns the Metropolitan Hotel at Eatontown, N. J., which is a great resort for well known sports, is one of the best known men in New Jersey. He has a fine pacing mare, "Chimes Bug," which is the pride of the country, and she has never taken the dust when out on the road.

THREW SLACKED LIME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

During a quarrel between women at New London, Conn., one of them picked up a bucket of slacked lime and threw it over another woman who had a child in her arms. Both were drenched with the fluid, and was feared at first they would not recover. As it is both will be scarred for life.

ALL DRINKS OF THE SEASON

Over 1,000 recipes in the "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide." Handsomely bound and copiously illustrated. Sent by mail to any address for 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

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A GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN BARBERS.

CLEVER AND POPULAR TONSORIAL ARTISTS REPRESENTING MANY CITIES WHO
UNITE IN PRAISING THE MERITS OF THE POLICE GAZETTE.



THREW SLACKED LIME OVER MOTHER AND CHILD.
A WOMAN OF NEW LONDON, CONN., WHILE IN A FIT OF ANGER ALMOST BLINDS TWO PERSONS



PUT HIM OUT BECAUSE HE WAS FRESH.
PLUCKY ACTRESS GOES OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS OF A DENVER, COL., THEATRE TO EJECT A MAN.

FOUR KILLED IN A DUEL

BLOODY BATTLE ON THE STREETS
OF OKOLONA, MISS.

EVERY BULLET TOLD

FATAL RESULT OF A QUARREL BETWEEN
LEADING CITIZENS OF THE STATE.

The town of Okolona, Miss., was last week the scene of one of the most sensational duels ever fought, and as a result the whole State of Mississippi has been excited over the affair.

The prominence of the men who participated in the play and the fearful fatality combine to make the fight one which has never been equalled in this or any other country.

The battle occurred at noon, and when the smoke from the revolvers had cleared away there were three dead men and one dying man on the pavement.

The men who participated were Dr. J. H. Murphee, aged 60 years, his 21-year-old son, Howard Murphee; Charles Clark, aged 40 years, and his brother, Walter Clark, 33 years old.

All four men were among the most prominent citizens of the town in which they lived, and were well known and popular throughout the entire State.

Dr. Murphee was the leading physician of Okolona.

The trouble originated over a bill owed to Dr. Murphee by Charles Clark. Both families live next door to each other, and on the day of the tragedy the doctor met the lawyer on the street and spoke to him about the account. They had some words over the matter, and when the argument became hotter, Dr. Murphee, it is said, lost his temper and knocked the lawyer down.

Clark at once arose to his feet, and drawing a knife, attacked the physician.

They clinched and Clark stabbed his antagonist several times, cutting him badly.

The last thrust with the knife was a fatal one and severed the doctor's jugular vein. He dropped to the street and in a few moments had expired.

The noise of the struggle attracted the attention of the doctor's son, Howard Murphee, who ran up and began shooting at Clark with his revolver.

At the third shot Clark fell to the ground dead, with a bullet through his brain.

By this time his brother, who happened to be near, arrived at the scene of action. He was armed with a revolver, with which he began shooting at Howard Murphee, who returned his fire.

This was probably the most dramatic part of the duel, for the men stood near the bodies of those who had already been killed.

Both contestants were badly wounded, but they kept on shooting at close range until the last shots, both of which were fatal, Murphee being shot through the heart and Clark receiving a bullet in his brain.

The whole affair lasted less than two minutes and was witnessed by several persons who happened to be in the neighborhood as well as by the families of the victims.

The excitement created by the terrible fatality was tremendous, and within a very short time the street where the duel occurred was thronged with townspeople who gazed curiously at the shot-riddled bodies of the combatants, who had fought so desperately.

It was not generally known that there was any ill feeling between Dr. Murphee and Charles Clark and as a result the tragedy dumfounded the entire community.

The families had been neighbors for many years and seemed to be on the best of terms.

The victims of the fierce duel lay in the street for some time before any attempt was made to remove them.

They were finally taken to their respective homes, and given over to the care of grief-stricken relatives. In view of the fact that all the principals of the affair

met death there is no legal action to be taken. The funerals attracted mourners and visitors from the entire State, as all of the dead men had been well and favorably known.

"DAVEY" GARRICK ROBERTS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]
Mr. "Davey" Garrick Roberts, the popular licensee of the Albert Hotel, Llandudno, is also known as a



They Took Refuge in a Tree, But Were Invited to Come Down and Have Supper.

keen sportsman, and is a non-commissioned officer of the Denbighshire Hussars, in whose ranks he has won several prizes. Though still young he has traveled a lot, having visited America in 1889, and after a few years' sojourn returned to his native land.

He is also a member of the Swift's Football Committee and the Licensed Victuallers Association of North Wales. The current number of this journal is always to be seen at the "Albert," where the genial landlord is always attentive to all his patrons in the spirit of a true Bohemian.

Where is the bartender who doesn't want the \$100 gold medal? See page 14.

BEAT "HUBBY" IN COURT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
There was a wild scene in a court at Rushville, Ind., the other day, which for a few moments threatened to break out in a riot. A woman had her recalcitrant husband arrested. While her attorney was making a speech she rushed upon her husband and landed several hard blows on his face.

She was ordered from the court room and the case against the man dismissed at once. When the marshal tried to eject the woman she resisted him and

FOUR FAMOUS FIGHTERS

Heenan, Herr, Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan, and their many great fights. An interesting account of these old times. All in one book. Illustrated. Price, only 25 cents. All newsdealers. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

flourished a knife, with which she said she would defend herself. She was finally put out, but her right hand was cut in the scuffle.

"YOUNG KENNY."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]
If appearances count for anything "Young Kenny" of Chicago is a fighter, judging from his portrait. Kenny says of himself:

"I have fought and won from everyone my weight in this part of the country, and claim the 133-pound championship of the West. Fought 'Black Griffe' in New York, and recently defeated Henry Lyons, Frank Boyle, 'Mickey' Reilly. Knocked out 'Kid' Funneck, two rounds; knocked out 'Kid' Smith, 1 round; April 29, 1899, defeated 'Jack' Daly of Chicago in six rounds, who drew with Otto Siefert."

"Young Kenny" wants to come East. His address is 4609 Armour avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"WILL" OWEN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]
Mr. William Owen, the subject of our photo, is a native of the fashionable watering place Llandudno, in North Wales, and is a member of the famous firm of meat purveyors, Messrs. Edward Owen & Sons, whose business establishment is one of the finest in the United Kingdom. Mr. Owen is more popularly known

amongst his chums, whose names are legion, as "Will." He is a vice commodore of the Llandudno Sailing Club, and past secretary of many Llandudno regattas, and as an expert exponent of the nautical art has won several handsome trophies. He was also first-class petty officer of the now defunct Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, during whose existence he had a great influence in keeping the men together, and whilst being a Bohemian of the first water is also a keen exponent of the noble art of self-defence. On the occasion of the first visit of Mr. Richard K. Fox

to Llandudno, some years ago, he witnessed a sample of "Willie's" powers in the water by swimming in a very rough sea.

His struggles against the huge waves were watched with the keenest interest by thousands of spectators. The return of "Willie" Owen ashore was hailed with loud cheers.

"SAM" JORDAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]
An energetic young Western man who combines business with pleasure is "Sam" Jordan, of Toledo, O., the champion pool player of that locality and the proprietor of the People's Theatre billiard parlors at 517 Clair street. "Sammy," as he is familiarly called by his patrons and friends, is a sporting character. He has the finest collection of sporting pictures in Toledo, and continues to add to it each week the POLICE GAZETTE illustrated supplements, which are framed neatly and hung on the walls of his billiard room.

JAMES H. ALLDREDGE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]
James H. Alldredge, better known as "Nervy Harl," is the Iowa boy who put Jim Hall to sleep in two rounds at Dallas the other night. He is strong, fast and persistent, with unlimited confidence that has brought him to the front as a fighter. Charles A. Kelly will back him for \$1,000 to \$5,000, and says he would only be too glad to cover some heavyweight's money.

ELOPING COUPLE WERE UP A TREE

A Farmer Found Them and In-
vited Them to Supper.

DETECTIVE WAS AFTER THEM

They Gave Him Such a Hard Chase That
They Wore Him Out.

A most romantic story comes from Dunkirk, N. Y., which is the sequel to an elopement of a well-known man of Meadville, Pa., and a young woman of Harmonsburg, in the same State. The couple had been engaged for some time, but the young woman's sister objected to the match for no apparent reason.

The lovers talked the matter over and they concluded to elope.

They left town quietly late one afternoon and went to Conneautville, where it was said they were married. After remaining there a few days for their honeymoon, they went to Buffalo to visit some friends.

They did not remain very long in that city, and their next abiding place was at Silver Creek.

About this time the sister at home concluded she ought to try and get the runaway bride back, so she communicated with the police, and within a very short time a detective was on the trail of the honeymooners with a vague idea that he was to head them off in some way and bring them home.

They heard of him, and then the chase began.

They went to Fredonia, where he followed them, and he arrived in town just an hour after they had taken a train for Sheridan.

The next train took him after them, but they were taking no chances, and when they arrived at Sheridan they left at once for Arkwright in a horse and buggy.

By this time the chase was getting to be very interesting, especially as the officer, also with a horse and buggy, was so near them on the road that he could see them driving for all they were worth.

They had the best horse, however, and were getting the best of the chase.

The tired detective hired a boy on horseback to continue the chase and see if he could catch up to them and head them off.

Suddenly the elopers disappeared. The boy found the buggy and the horse by the roadside, but no runaways.

This was within a mile of Dunkirk, near the lands of a farmer.

The tiller of the soil heard about the affair and concluded he would do a little detective work himself.

He went on a scout about the place and kept hunting until he came to a little hemlock grove on a hill where he heard a noise. He looked about carefully but failed to discover any signs of a man or woman until he happened to glance up, and there, snugly tucked away in a small evergreen tree, he spied the bridal couple.

"Hello, there, you folks," he yelled. "You had better come down out of that and have some supper." They concluded to accept his invitation, and he helped them down from their lofty perch.

They went with him up to the house, where he set them down to a good meal.

He accommodated them for the night, and in the morning they went with him to Dunkirk and surrendered themselves to the chief of police. The man was locked up, but the woman was allowed the liberty of the chief's office until her sister arrived.

They next day they all went back to Meadville, where, it is believed, the matter will be satisfactorily settled, and that the young couple will go on a honeymoon without a detective chasing them.

A GREAT SPORTING GALLERY.

F. O. Bladec, proprietor of the North Morgan meat market, Shelbyville, Ill., writes: "I have all of the Supplements from No. 1118 and think they make a nice sporting gallery. Am a constant reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, and think it is one of the best sporting papers published."

THEY WERE HOT SCORCHERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
The bloomer maids of Worcester, Mass., are creating something of a sensation these days, for they have succeeded in proving to the public that they are the possessors of daintily turned ankles. They first made their appearance some weeks ago, when three of the girls employed in the corset factory appeared on the roadway with full bloomers and riding diamond frame wheels.

Some of them are scorchers, too, as was evidenced recently when a man in uniform who claimed to be a "bike cop" tried to catch a couple of them. They rode away from him so fast that he was left at the post.

ALBERT WICKES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]
Chief of Police Albert Wickes, of Cooperstown, N. Y., is looked upon in the city which he guards with watchful eye as one of the best fellows in the world. He has a fine force of men under him and he is a terror to all evil doers.

WOMAN AND HER LOVERS

Now ready. One of the most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

BARTENDERS, ENTER THE LIST FOR THE RICHARD K. FOX MEDAL---IT'S WORTH TRYING FOR

JEFFRIES BELIEVES HE WILL WHIP FITZSIMMONS

Worried About the Prospect of Not Having a Chance to Fight
Him at the Time and Place Specified.

VICTORY OVER SHARKEY HAS GIVEN HIM CONFIDENCE.

Says He is Younger and Quite as Clever as the Australian and There is No
Reason Why He Should Not Win.

Comfortably quartered in a picturesque Queen Anne cottage at Asbury Park, N. J., within easy walking distance of the long stretch of white sand beach, where the turbulent waters of the Atlantic curl and break, the *POLICE GAZETTE* representative, one day last week, found "Jim" Jeffries and his retinue of advisers, trainers and attendants all engaged in the work of getting the big Los Angeles man ready for the battle with "Bob" Fitzsimmons, scheduled for May 26, but which will, for obvious reasons, have to be postponed.

"Jeff" was not in the happiest frame of mind; not because of the existence of any doubt about his ability to whip the Australian, but he fears that he will not have the opportunity to do so, in view of the likelihood of the match eventually not taking place.

The Californian is not a talking man, he is quiet, retiring and modest in both manners and speech, and his reticence on subjects pertaining to his profession and the men who are his rivals is at strange variance with the characteristic falling of the flaccid fraternity. Pressed to give an opinion about his chances, he said:

"Oh, I don't think 'Fitz' is the hardest man in the world, and if I didn't believe I could beat him I wouldn't have made the match.

"I have thought so ever since he beat Corbett at Carson City. You know I helped to train Corbett for that fight. Corbett outpointed Fitzsimmons as a boxer, but his strength gave out. He had no force behind his blows.

"Fitzsimmons' strength is what I call natural strength. The work in his early days in a blacksmith shop gave him the foundation for a constitution which has stood by him in many a hard-fought battle. He could take a good, hard thrashing and turn around and beat a man of but ordinary strength, as he showed against Corbett at Carson.

"Corbett is what I call a manufactured gymnasium boxer, and I claim that manufactured strength gained in a gymnasium is not the real thing. It comes of training for an athletic event and oozes out after a few hard knocks in the ring. The clever boxer with only manufactured strength has nothing to fall back on after his stamina has gone back on him, as 'Kid' McCoy showed when in the ring with 'Tom' Sharkey.

"I am an admirer of the science of boxing, but science alone will not turn the trick when the scientific man is up against one who is twice as strong and only half as clever. Corbett whipped himself by punching 'Fitz,' and after his wind and strength were spent Fitzsimmons finished him up.

"Sharkey is naturally strong, but loses his head entirely. He isn't half as good a man as Fitzsimmons, and never will be, because it isn't in him. I don't regard him as good a man physically as 'Fitz,' old as 'Fitz' is.

"I ought to know what Sharkey is, because I whipped him in 'Frisco. We went twenty rounds, and during the entire journey I had him on the run. He wouldn't stand up and fight, but actually turned back on me, and I chased him around the ring in Indian-file fashion.

"It's hard to whip a fairly strong fellow if he refuses to fight. I believe in clever footwork, but Sharkey wasn't clever on his feet. He simply refused to fight.

"Whenever I caught up with him I shot my gloves, both left and right to his body and had him red, black and blue. He was one of the easiest things I ever tackled. I floored him at least ten times. 'Alex' Greggains, who refereed the bout, asked Sharkey repeatedly to stand up and fight like a man, but the 'Sailor' refused.

"As for Sharkey's hitting powers, they made no impression upon me, especially when he landed from a distance. When he hits at long range he barely lands, and when the blow reaches the force is spent. He can't hit straight to save his life.

"He's been mighty lucky in getting on with snaps, such as Corbett, who is played out and stale, and McCoy, who, with all his cleverness, is frail, and hasn't the strength of the average welterweight. I cannot think of Sharkey as a championship possibility.

"I can whip Fitzsimmons, because I will carry fifty more pounds of weight into the ring and have the benefit of thirteen years. He is thirty-six, and I am in my twenty-third year. I know I am as fast on my feet; yes, faster, and can avoid his swings. He is a wicked puncher and dangerous man, but I have studied his methods closely.

"I cannot see how he can spring any knockout surprise on me. I hold my right in reserve, and do most of my execution with the left. In swinging with the right a fighter leaves an opening for a cross punch. 'Fitz' won't surprise me with his long, sweeping right cross.

"Of course, I saw the right when I have my man in a position for a straight, right jab for body or in swinging into a clinch at short range. I don't save a right swing for a knockout as a rule.

"I don't want the newspapers to write me up as a swell chest or big head. I am asked an honest opinion. I give it without boasting, and it is my honest belief that Fitzsimmons isn't big enough, strong enough, or clever enough for me."

There is a whole lot in what Jeffries says. In com-

paring the qualifications of the two men, the natural ones are in favor of Jeffries. He has youth, weight and height in his favor, while Fitzsimmons has only reach.

But now come the acquired qualifications, and these are what figure very greatly in deciding all ring contests.

First of all, Fitzsimmons has the experience which Jeffries has not. That experience is going to stand "Fitz" in good stead in this coming fight. Another thing, Fitzsimmons is quicker than Jeffries by a good deal. This is going to count a whole lot in "Bob's" favor.

Roughly, it looks as if Jeffries had the natural qualifications on his side, and that Fitzsimmons carried off the acquired qualifications.

It must not be forgotten that Jeffries is one of the

has organized a club in Denver, and as the manager and matchmaker is already bidding for all the big things in sight. Counted "a bad man" by desperadoes, Masterson enjoys the friendship of the leading people in his section of the country. He is genial, courteous, always companionable and one of the "best ever."

No more could be said in his favor if columns were written.

"BILLY" CURTIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Billy" Curtis is the senior member of the sketch team, Curtis and Gordon, now touring Europe in a professional capacity. Mr. Curtis is the husband of Belle Gordon, the famous "Police Gazette" champion bag-puncher. He is a boxer of quite some ability and an entertainer of rare merit. He and his wife together do an interesting sketch, and the fact that they have played all the principal cities of Europe for a year past and are booked solid up to 1901, and in Paris during the Exposition year, attests to the merit of their work.

THIS SOLDIER CAUGHT A PRIZE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the soldier buglers at Bedloe's Island, where the Statue of Liberty stands, was fishing in the waters of the bay the other afternoon, when he got a tremendous bite on his line. He found he had hooked a big fish. He was having a hard time of it when one of his messmates came along and diving into the water grabbed the prize and came ashore with it.

It proved to be a nine-pound striped bass.

H. A. HAMLIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A popular saloonkeeper of Dennison, O., is a H. A. Hamlin, whose cafe is the leading resort of the sports of that section of the country. Mr. Hamlin is an enthusiastic sporting man and takes a particular interest in game cocks.

JOHN O'FLAHERTY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the leading business men in the thriving little town of Buckhead, Ga., is John O'Flaherty, a New



"BILLY" CURTIS.

Clever Boxer Now in Europe with Belle Gordon, "Police Gazette" Champion Bag Puncher.

greatest two-handed fighters of the age. Naturally he is left handed, but he has, owing to the requirements of boxing, been obliged to learn to use his right hand so that he can now use either one with equal facility and hit as hard with the right as with the left. A good two-handed fighter has something up his sleeve to rely upon in cases of emergency nearly always.

The one thing that Jeffries needs to do, and I believe that is the reason why the services of "Tommy" Ryan were secured, is to get fast on his feet. If there is any man who can develop him in this direction it is Ryan, for he is the king at foot work.

He is training hard and conscientiously, and "Billy" Delaney, who is looking after his preparation, believes he will win. It is a significant fact that Delaney is invariably right in picking winners of fights.

What bartender wants a gold medal? See page 14.

"BAT" MASTERSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

For a Western man not to know "Bat" Master-son, of Denver, is to argue one's self unknown. "Bat" has been a unique personage in sporting affairs for many years. He has "backed the game" and "played agin it," has been a bookmaker, race horse owner, pugilist's manager, referee, and in fact anything on the sporting calendar that he hasn't had a crack at isn't worth considering. With the legalizing of boxing in Colorado, "Bat's" opportunity has come again. He

DEVIL'S COMPACT

Now ready. One of the most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR BARBERS

They Unite in Praise For the
Police Gazette.

REPRESENT MANY CITIES.

And They Are All Clever With the
Implements of Their Trade.

The *POLICE GAZETTE* prints this week another page of portraits of barbers. They are all readers of what they call the greatest sporting paper ever published, and they are all good citizens in the various cities where they do business.

August Morrell, of the tonsorial parlor of Michael Muschio, 2047 First avenue, is a protege of De Bonis, the champion hair-cutter of New York. He himself is considered one of the most artistic hair cutters in the business. He is a constant reader of the *POLICE GAZETTE*.

L. J. Paradis, of 565 St. Lawrence street, Montreal, Canada, is a most genial and popular tonsorialist. He says he has all the *POLICE GAZETTE* sporting supplements framed, and that his customers take a great deal of interest in them. He also states that barbers all ought to read the *POLICE GAZETTE* because it has done more for them than any other paper published.

John H. Saunders, of 1214 Thirty-second street West, Washington, D. C., is the most popular barber in the district. He owns one of the finest shops in what is known as Georgetown, and for twenty-two years he has been a constant reader of the *POLICE GAZETTE*.

James Brignola, of 243 Court street, Brooklyn, is one of the leading tonsorialists in the Sixth Ward. He is very popular with the young sporting element of the district, and he takes a deep interest in sporting affairs.

Mr. George A. Eastman, of 38 Orchard street, Detroit, Mich., enjoys the honor of being a candidate for the Supreme Court bench of Michigan. He has read the *POLICE GAZETTE* since he was a young man, and was at one time an ardent and clever exponent of the manly art of self defense. Mr. Eastman is a man of unusual intelligence and the *POLICE GAZETTE* sincerely hopes he will be elected.

Tomas Solazzi, of No. 10 State street, Bridgeport, Conn., is one of the most popular men in town. He has a fine shop and a fine trade and he wouldn't be without the *POLICE GAZETTE*.

Henry Istrie, proprietor of the Columbia barber shop at 1107 Third avenue, New York city, has a record. He can shave and cut a man's hair in eight minutes, and he points with pardonable pride to the fact that the *POLICE GAZETTE* is on file in his place every day in the year.

Louis Bell, whose tonsorial parlor is at St. Joseph, Mich., is considerable of a sport. He has all the *POLICE GAZETTE* supplements framed and on exhibition in his place of business, and he says they are a great drawing card.

Frank Rubino, of 27 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is well known and popular with the Brooklyn sports. He is a lover of boxing and rarely misses a good bout. He always keeps the *POLICE GAZETTE* and says the supplements are worth ten times the money the paper costs.

J. A. Wyatt is one of the popular employees at A. H. Honeymoon's "Hub" barber shop, on Main street, New Hampton, Ia. He at one time rode horses for J. R. Bullard, and later was a wing and buck dancer with the "Old Kentucky" Company, and is a clever all around good fellow.

Charles Cantalupo, of 290 Fifteenth avenue, Newark, N. J., is one of the most promising and popular young barbers of that city. He says the *POLICE GAZETTE* is the only sporting paper published, and he would not be without it in his place of business.

PUT THE "FRESHY" OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An actress in a Denver, Col., variety house was annoyed during a recent performance by the audible remarks of a young man in the audience. She asked him a couple of times to stop, and when he refused, she jumped over the footlights, and taking him by the ear, led him to the door, while the audience applauded.

POLICE GAZETTE supplements draw trade. Get in line and subscribe to the greatest sporting paper ever published. The supplements are free.

"TOM" JENKINS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Tom" Jenkins of Cleveland is one of the most famous catch-as-catch-can wrestlers in the country. When Yousoof, the "Terrible Turk," was making a tour of the country, Jenkins gave him his hardest battle on the mat. The latter is still open to meet anybody in the world.

Noted Sporting Men's Pictures

FREE—Elegant half-tone productions. Sharkey, Maher, McCoy, Jackson, Dixon, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, etc., given away with *POLICE GAZETTE*. Next week—FRANK ERNE. Be sure you get it. For sale by all newsdealers.

FRAME THE SUPPLEMENTS AND START A SPORTING GALLERY---IT WILL DRAW TRADE



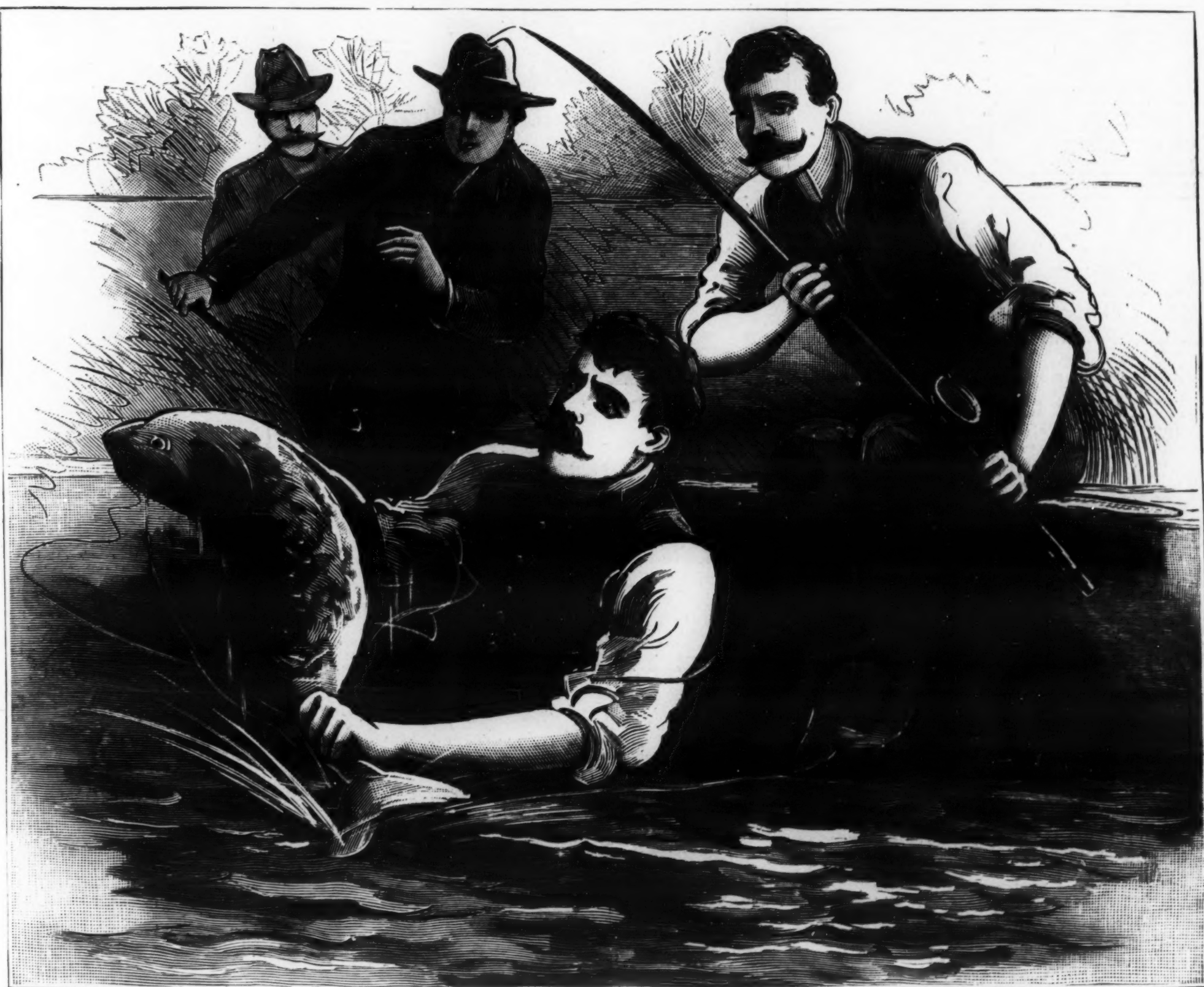
DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS DANGEROUS.
COUNTRYMAN LEANS AGAINST A LION'S CAGE IN A CIRCUS AT PORTSMOUTH, O., AND LEARNS SOMETHING.



BEAT HER "HUBBY" IN COURT.
WOMAN OF RUSHVILLE, IND., HAS HER HUSBAND ARRESTED AND THEN GIVES HIM A WHIPPING.



DEATH IN A CURVED BALL.
MEMBER OF THE WASHINGTON ATHLETIC CLUB OF MONTCLAIR, N. J., STRUCK OVER THE HEART.



THIS SOLDIER CAUGHT A PRIZE.
WITH THE AID OF A COMRADE HE LANDS A BIG FISH AT BEDLOE'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY.

CARD AND SPORTING QUESTIONS ANSWERED

"Police Gazette" Readers Find a Ready Medium for Obtaining Information on Any Subject.

WE VERY CHEERFULLY REPLY TO YOUR QUESTIONS.

Send a Letter and Look for an Answer at an Early Date---Don't Hesitate to Ask a Question if You Wish to Know Anything.

Susquehanna, Cincinnati, O.—Send portrait along.
M. H. M., Chicago, Ill.—See answer to J. R. P., Chicago.
G. B., Dover, N. J.—Our advice to you is to leave professional fighting alone.
EXCHANGE, Pleasantville, O.—Jeffries was born in Fairfield county, Ohio.
P. M., Providence, R. I.—Their records are in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual."
A. W. S., Chicago.—What was the date of the Sullivan-Corbett fight?.....Sept. 7, 1892.
E. L., Dairyville, Ia.—Was John L. Sullivan born in this country?.....Yes, near Boston.
G. R., Waterbury, Conn.—A bet B that Norman Bethy ("Kid" McCoy) is a Jew?.....He is not a Jew.
H. A. W., Detroit, Mich.—We do not give gratuitous advertising. Our rates to book companies are \$1 per line.
T. B. H., Red Bank, N. J.—What was the weight of Lavigne and Walcott in their battle at Massport, L. I. 7....133 pounds.
C. F. K., New York.—When did Harry Howard, of the Volunteer Fire Department, die?.....Died in New York city four or five years ago.
M. D., Scranton, Pa.—How many times have Hall and Fitzsimmons fought?.....They fought twice. Each is credited with a victory.

.....New York.—J bets that "Pedlar" Palmer got the decision over Dixon; D bets he did not. Who wins?.....No decision was rendered.

F. R., Buffalo, N. Y.—Join some stable as exercise boy. If you have the genius to become a jockey your employer will soon develop it.

J. J. C., New York.—A says Corbett was knocked out by Fitzsimmons; B says he was counted out. Who wins?.....He was counted out.

E. G. S., Stamford, Conn.—The Liebgolds alone can supply their correct records. We believe Sam has retired and Louis is about to turn professional.

A. McN., New York.—Who received the decision between Frank Erne and George Dixon when they first fought?.....Dec. 5, 1893, decision was a draw.

READER, Brooklyn.—I have a bet made that "Yankee Sullivan's" right name was William Hastings?....."Yankee Sullivan's" right name was James Ambrose.

T. B., Trenton, N. J.—A bet B that \$50,000 would build the steam yacht Juanita, of Newark, N. J.; B bet that it would not.....Better inquire of the owner or builder.

E. F. G., Helena, Mont.—Where is the original "Mike" Leonard now located?.....The original "Mike" Leonard is now in your locality somewhere. The man you refer to is doubtless he.

T. O. B., Bayonne, N. J.—Where was Frank Erne born? If the Latin root of animal is "anima," life, does it follow that man is an animal?.....1. Zurich, Switzerland. 2. Man is an animal.

P. G. H., New York.—A bet B that in Tenth Street Park there are more trees than in Greater New York, except the parks in the city.....Don't give up the money. Our men are out now counting them.

E. C. R., New Orleans.—Let me know if a horse by the name of "Joe" Booth has a record?.....Is he a trotter, pacer or a thoroughbred? We can supply the information if you will send an explicit inquiry.

W. R. C., Centerbrook, Conn.—Who is the strongest man that blows a lung tester? How hard can "Kid" Lavigne strike on striking machine?.....1. There is no authentic record. 2. He never made a test.

V. R., Dunkirk, N. Y.—What are the ages of Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Sullivan?.....Fitzsimmons, 37; Corbett, 31; Sullivan, 39-40. The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" supplies this information. Price 10 cents.

READER, Stamford, Conn.—A bet that Fitzsimmons did not have up any forfeit money at the time he was matched to fight Corbett in Arkansas (the first time matched)....."Al" Smith, the stakeholder, claimed that he held the forfeit.

C. A. A., Newburyport, Mass.—Have you the cabinet photograph of Robert Fitzsimmons in citizen's dress? Where is he training for his coming battle?.....We have no photo of "Fitz" in citizen's dress. Training at Bath Beach, N. Y.

EXPECTANT, Brooklyn.—What is meant by the expression, "A Notary with a Seal"? That is, is the seal of a notary registered; if so, how are they procured?.....The official seal of a notary is registered when the notary is appointed. Apply to a lawyer.

W. W. P., Wrentham, N. J.—Where is Carr, the first baseman on the Atlantic City team? My employer says when a man gets a decision on points it is no defeat for his opponent?.....1. Do not know his present whereabouts. 2. A decision against is a defeat.

J. R. P., Chicago, Ill.—A bet B that the Chicago will make more runs in one inning than the Cleveland will in nine innings. The Chicago make three runs in one inning and the Cleveland make three runs in their nine innings. Who wins?.....A loses on a technicality. Chicago does not make more runs.

M. B., New York.—Too early yet to give opinion for 1899. The leading men in their positions last year were, first base, Leachance second base, Dady; third base, Nash; shortstop, Jennings. That is a matter of opinion about getting. Too soon yet to give an opinion about Warner's ability as compared with Robinson's.

X. Y. Z., Dallas.—A bet B \$15 to \$5 that every porterhouse steak in his ice box will weigh over three and one-half pounds each; the two steaks weighed over three and one-half pounds each, but were not in his ice box at time of wager; who wins bet?.....It's a catch bet and you'll have to decide it between yourselves.

M. F., Spokane, Wash.—A bet that Jimmy Barry and Walter Croft, when they fought at the National Sporting Club, London, in 1897, fought for the championship; B says they did not fight for the championship; who wins?.....They did not fight for the championship. Palmer and not Croft was the recognized champion.

F. E., Meriden, Conn.—Let me know how that fight of Fitzsimmons and Sharkey came out in San Francisco, Dec. 2, 1896.....Referee decided in Sharkey's favor on a foul. We are not prepared to argue as to the referee's honesty or whether "Fitz" was robbed or not, but go judges who were at the ringside over that "Fitz" did not strike a foul blow.

VIRGINIA, Newport News, Va.—Did not a swimmer perform the feat of swimming across some river in New York with both hands and feet tied?.....Gene Mercedier on June 27, 1890, swam across the East river from Navy Yard to Battery, 2 1/2 miles, with arms and legs tied with 125 feet of hemp rope and two straps. A man named Bibbero also performed the feat.

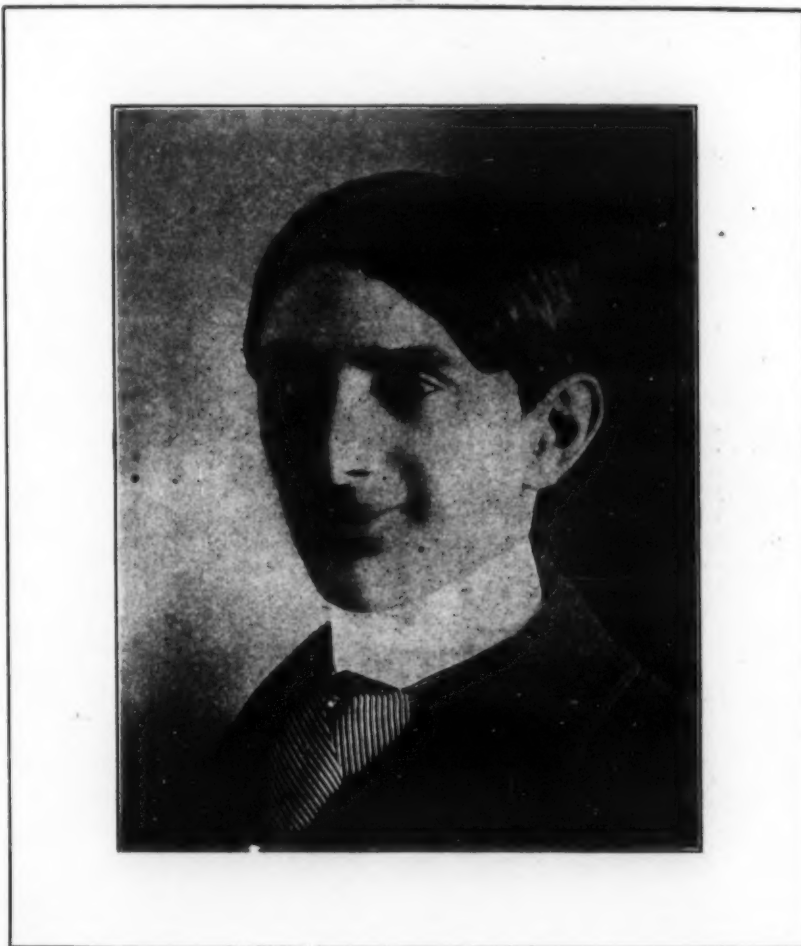
W. W., Austin, Tex.—Did Millette, the ball player, ever fight a twenty-round draw with "Young Griffo"? How old is Frank

Childs and "Bob" Armstrong? What was "Joe" Walcott's and "Dan" Creedon's weight when they fought? Where is Peter Jackson? How old is Bobby Dobbs? Why are red, white and blue used by barbers? Is a man too old to train when he is twenty years old?.....1. Not in "Griffo's" record. 2. Twenty-six and twenty-four years old, respectively. 3. They fought catch weights, Creedon about 160, Walcott about 145. 4. Jackson is in San Francisco. 5. Dobbs is thirty-three years old. 6. Barbers originally did cupping and leeching, and the red and white pole was significant of their dual occupations. 7. Just the right age to begin.

"TIM" HURLEY IS A GOOD 'UN.

Knocked Out "Dick" Moore in Four Rounds of Fast, Continuous Fighting.

Susquehanna, Pa. has a pretty likely big fellow in the person of "Tim" Hurley, who recently knocked out "Dick" Moore of St. Paul in four rounds. The affair took place in Susquehanna on May 5



"SAM" JORDAN.

Popular Young Sporting Man and Champion Pool Player and Billiard Expert of Toledo, O.

and was witnessed by a large delegation of sports from Elmira, Binghamton, Carbondale, Scranton and other nearby cities.

Moore was seconded by Harry Tutbill, of New York, and William Bentley, of Susquehanna. In Hurley's corner were "Bob" Flours, of Susquehanna; George Sousa, of Susquehanna, and "Kid" Shock, of Elmira. Jake Didier was referee. "Ed" Doyle, of Susquehanna, was the official timekeeper for the club; "Doc" Haley, of Carbondale, held the watch for Moore, and "Ed" Haley, of that place, for Hurley. The go was a slugging match right from the start, both men seeming determined to make a quick finish, and slugged each other in a manner that set the "short hairs" wild with delight. At the sound of the gong both men jumped into the middle of the ring, and before they had their hands fairly up commenced mixing up. In the first round the honors were about even, as it was give and take until the bell sounded. If anything, Hurley had a shade the best of it, as he was, to all appearances, in the best of form.

The second round did not materially change the position or condition of the men in any noticeable degree, both trying to land a knockout, but they finished with honors even. A good deal of clinching was the feature of this round, and Referee Didier was kept busy making the men break away. In the third round Moore seemed to rally, and did some very clever in-fighting. After some sparring Hurley ducked to avoid a vicious right-hander, but did not escape, for Moore caught him with a left-hand uppercut on the nose that brought the claret, and first blood was awarded to the St. Paul representative, and his stock arose in proportion. The drawing of Hurley's claret exasperated him very noticeably, and when he faced his opponent in the next round it was very apparent that there was trouble ahead, as the expression on his face was a desperately determined one.

The men went at each other in a most desperate manner as soon as they reached the center of the ring. They battled for about a minute, when Hurley landed a vicious left-hander on Moore's neck, that made him wince and close in on his opponent for the purpose of clinching, as the blow had a very bad effect on him. Hurley

A BEAUTIFUL NOVEL

"PAULINE'S CAPRICE." Now ready. One of the most and most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Elegantly illustrated. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

was quick to see the advantage that the blow had given him, and as Moore attempted to close in on him he gave him another short-arm punch that seemed to have the speed of a steam engine behind it. His bunch of five landed square on the St. Paul man's jaw and he fell to the floor like a log, and he passed into dreamland, until Referee Didier had counted the fatal ten seconds, and awarded the fight to the Susquehanna man, who stood over his prostrate opponent, ready to finish him in case he succeeded in rallying. The seconds of Moore were compelled to assist him to his corner, so completely was he knocked out by the blow. The sudden finish of the go was unexpected, but it delighted the friends of Hurley, who finished without a scratch, and was apparently as fresh as when he started.

FOUND BENNETT'S SOLAR PLEXUS.

McPartland's Left Hook Put the McKeesport Man Out of Business.

But for a terrific punch in the solar plexus which he received in the fifth round and which terminated his interest in the proceeding, "Jack" Bennett, of McKeesport, Pa., might have proved to be a better man than "Kid" McPartland when they met at the Broadway Athletic Club on May 5. The latter, however, cleverly checked the Pennsylvania's championship aspirations with his clever left hand. The battle was scheduled to be one of twenty-five rounds at 135 pounds.

McPartland started the fun with his wonderful left, and at the close of the round Bennett was bleeding freely from the nose. The McKeesport man showed to better advantage in the next and managed, by getting inside the "Kid's" swings to land a number of straight lefts on the face. Bennett's pretty leg work pleased the crowd immensely, and the stranger was cheered. Both were lively in the third and forced each about the ring so hard that in a clinch they went to the floor. Before the round closed McPartland got his left working and landed a couple of stingers below Bennett's left eye. McPartland opened the fourth round in hurricane fashion, with a smashing left swing on the neck, but Bennett quickly recovered and faced his opponent about the head in a way that made the McPartland adherents look weary. The "Kid" became a trifle wild toward the close and fell to the floor as Bennett cleverly sidestepped away from a desperate rush.

Bennett was confident in the fifth and started the fun by getting the right and left to the head. The "Kid" became cautious, and both settled back to sparring at long range. Finally, after a minute's fiddling, McPartland jumped in with a swinging left uppercut. The blow landed squarely in the pit of the stomach, and Bennett sank to the floor. He rolled over on his back with his legs waving in the air, and groaned as if in terrible pain, while the counting-out business was going on. The defeated man was carried to his corner by his father and seconds and it was some time before

CUT A GASH OVER FRANK ERNE'S EYE

But George McFadden Lost the Decision in a Fast Fight.

REFEREE'S AWARD WAS JUST

Winner Has His Eye on the Title and Wants to Tackle Lavigne.

Frank Erne, of Buffalo, N. Y., defeated George McFadden, of New York, on May 9, at the Lenox Athletic Club, in one of the most cleverly contested battles ever fought in New York city. Erne failed to put his opponent out, and the decision did not meet with unanimous approval, but he was fully entitled to what he got. Any other verdict would have been an injustice to the Buffalo boy. McFadden was strong and willing to fight on to the end, but Erne had done all the leading and most of the hitting, and justly earned the decision.

It was one of the fairest and prettiest mills ever seen between boxers. All of the fine points of the game were fully exemplified. Erne, by his shifting, blocking and defensive work showed all the fine arts of the clever boxer, while the other man by his boring, never-say-die style showed the natural born fighter, of which "Tom" Sharkey is the leading exponent.

Erne at times made his opponent look awkward and amateurish, but the New York boy always took what was coming to him and went after more. Erne's cleverness made McFadden look slow. Nevertheless he showed no little cleverness, and his good blocking saved him many a hard punch. The schedule called for twenty-five rounds. That it went the limit is a tribute to the strength and endurance of both men.

Owing to the clever manner in which McFadden defeated "Joe" Gans several weeks ago he was thought to have quite a chance to win by the knowing ones, and offers of \$100 to \$70 on Erne were eagerly snapped up. Much betting was done at these figures.

A rumor was circulated that Erne was ten pounds over weight, but proved to be groundless. He weighed in at 134, while McFadden tipped the scales at 125 pounds. "Billy" Biele, "Tommy" Shortell, "Billy" Hennessey and H. Harb were behind McFadden, while Frank Simpher, Casper Leon, George Saloe and "Buck" Joyce performed a similar service for Erne.

Straight Queensberry rules was the order. Both began in a quiet manner. They spent the first round in feeling each other, and beyond a few harmless jabs to the face there was nothing doing. The second round took on a more business-like aspect. McFadden assumed the aggressive and placed his left to the face with such persistence that he soon had Erne's left eye flushed.

Erne pulled himself together in the third and fourth and began to work a beautiful left to the face, at the same time cranking viciously with his right. He also found a way to block the New Yorker's stiff left hand jabs that worked to perfection. The fifth found the Buffalo man still doing the fighting, but toward the end of the seventh McFadden had so much the better of a mix-up as to cause Frank's nose to bleed. Erne was on the defensive at the end of the round.

The eighth round was a hot one. Erne again took the aggressive and was driving left to the body and right to the jaw with great force. McFadden stood to his work, however, and with a hard right swing split the Buffalo boy's left eye and the blood flowed in a stream. This only seemed to anger Erne and made him fight harder.

Lots of fast fighting was done in the ninth and tenth rounds. Erne, as usual, setting the pace and fighting with the ferocity of a tiger. He always found George ready and willing and giving as good as he received. Again McFadden opened the damaged eye and again the blood flowed profusely.

The succeeding five rounds were but little less vicious. Erne showed that he didn't like the mixing game and became more careful. McFadden kept boring in and made Erne do all the leading. The latter fighter kept up the good work with his left hand to the stomach and punished his man enough to make three ordinary fighters lie down.

But McFadden is not an ordinary fighter. He not only refused to go down, but likewise refused to back up. He stood up like a Trojan, and with stiff short-arm work made the Buffalo boy realize that there was somebody in the ring with him.

Up to the twentieth it was the same severe pace, Erne keeping away as much as possible, but always forced to lead by the sturdy, ever-coming New York boy. McFadden, though pummeled numerically, did not show a mark up to the twentieth round. In this round, however, Erne, with a heavy right to the left eye, had McFadden in pretty much the same condition as himself.

The first real knock down in the fight occurred in the twenty-second round. Erne landed it with a pretty right jolt on the jaw when "Mac" was coming in. "Mac" did not wait for the count, but was up and at his man in an instant. Erne took advantage of his lead and passed right and left to the jaw with such force as to make the New Yorker back up.

The last three rounds were all in Erne's favor; in fact, he showed more aggressiveness than he had shown from the tenth round. When they had finished cries of "draw" came from many throats, and murmurs of disapproval were heard when Erne was announced as the winner. But Erne had outfought and outpointed his man, and Charlie White, the referee, decided correctly that he had won. "Charlie" Miner and "Bob" Gormley were the contestants in the preliminary, and it proved one of the warmest of give-and-take arguments. They went on for ten rounds at catch weights. Both stood up and turned on full steam and slugged away from gong to gong. Gormley had a tantalizing smile that seemed to worry Miner more than the hard knocks he received. They went the ten rounds without an advantage on either side and the referee called it a draw.

'T WAS A VERY TAME BOUT.

At the Greenwood Athletic Club, of New York, on May 6, "Marty" McCue did no tawny up, so "Billy" Whistler was substituted for a 20-round bout with "Joe" Cain. The bout was rather tame, and ended in a draw. "Johnny" Reagan added another to his list, beating "Tony" Lewis in the opening 10-round bout. The second bout was a humorous one, and went to "Charlie" Dreycock over "Charley" Baldwin by a knock-out in the fifth.

TEN POUNDS REWARD

The above reward will be given to anyone giving such information as will lead to the discovery or present whereabouts (if still alive) or the proof of the death of RICHARD MELLON alias SMITH, late of Trinidad in the County of Durham, England, a miner. When last heard of was travelling with a Boxing Booth in the vicinity of Louisville, United States of America. Such information to be sent to ALFRED M. APPLETON, ESQ., Solicitor, Sedgwick, County of Durham, England, by whom the above reward will be paid should the information given lead to the discovery or proof of death of the said Richard Mellon. American papers please copy.

BIG FIGHTS and BIG FIGHTERS

Their records up to date in POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL for 1899. A valuable guide to sporting events. A handy reference book. Portraits of prominent fighters. Price 10 cents. All newsdealers or mailed direct from this office.

Send \$1.00 to This Office and Get the POLICE GAZETTE for 13 Weeks, Which Includes 13 SUPPLEMENTS

FITZ LEARNS WHY HE CANNOT FIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY

Denver, Col., Pugilistic Promoters Making Energetic Efforts to
Have Him Meet Jeffries Under Their Auspices.

ANOTHER FIGHTING IRISHMAN HERE IN SEARCH OF FAME.

Nobody in England Wants to Meet Gardner---"Pedlar" Palmer and "Ben" Jordan
Anxious to Return to America---Small Talk About the Fighters.

It isn't by any means a settled fact that Fitzsimmons and Jeffries will fight at all. The Denver, Col., negotiations have been practically dropped, owing to a pretended disagreement between Brady and Julian on one side, against the club on the other, over the disposition of the proceeds of the veriscope reproduction of the fight. The real difficulty is that, despite the published announcement that a \$25,000 purse had been offered by the Denverites, the real amount involved was \$10,000, and the managers of "Fitz" and Jeffries did not consider this sum commensurate with the value of the attraction, and preferred to hold out for better inducements.

If they have even a remote idea that the fight will take place in New York city they may as well dispose of it at once and settle upon some other locality wherein to operate. In conversation the other evening with a certain individual who controls the pugilistic situation in the greater metropolis, I asked him if there was any chance, even a remote one, of the fight taking place here, and the reply was:

"Absolutely none."

Fitzsimmons probably realizes now that being *it* is one thing and thinking you're *it* is another. When he was in the West recently some remarks were credited to him which reflected severely upon the people who control boxing affairs in New York. He was quoted as saying that the big fights held under their management were prearranged affairs and consequently crooked, he implied all sorts of dishonest intentions toward him on the part of the management of the local athletic clubs. If he fought here, and wound up by saying that if his intention to fight at Coney Island was interfered with there would be no more fighting in New York.

Fitzsimmons then doubtless thought he was the whole thing. His alleged utterances angered the people who control the boxing situation in New York, and it is a coincidence that the Board of Police Commissioners, vested with the power to grant licenses to boxing clubs, suddenly discovered that the Coney Island boxing institution, in which Julian, Fitzsimmons' manager, is said to be interested, was in bad odor, had not paid its obligations in the Sharkey-Ruhlin fight, and other causes which were deemed sufficient to justify a refusal to give the club a license. The advisability of having a man of Fitzsimmons' prominence fight in New York was considered in connection with application for the license, and it was very generally considered that to permit it would attract too much unfavorable notoriety to the boxing game.

Acting upon this suggestion the directors of the Lenox and Broadway Athletic Clubs held a meeting and decided not to offer a purse for any fight in which Fitzsimmons was announced to participate.

Fitzsimmons' intention to fight at Coney Island has been seriously interfered with, I think, and yet the flat game is flourishing in New York like a green bay tree.

Just once more let me refer to my little homily.

Being *it* is one thing, and thinking you're *it* is another.

Jeffries and Sharkey are mixed up in the warmest kind of an argument over their respective fistful accomplishments. Last week "Sailor Tom" gave his views on the subject in the shape of a few conversational hot wallops. This week the Los Angeles boiler maker gets back in the manner peculiar to the fraternity and in language which would not look altogether well in print.

Strange, isn't it, that these fighting men can't do their business without so much blow and bluster. Every admirer of pugilism ought to register a mental kick against "Billy" Brady and Martin Julian for inaugurating what is facetiously termed the era of megaphonic pugilism.

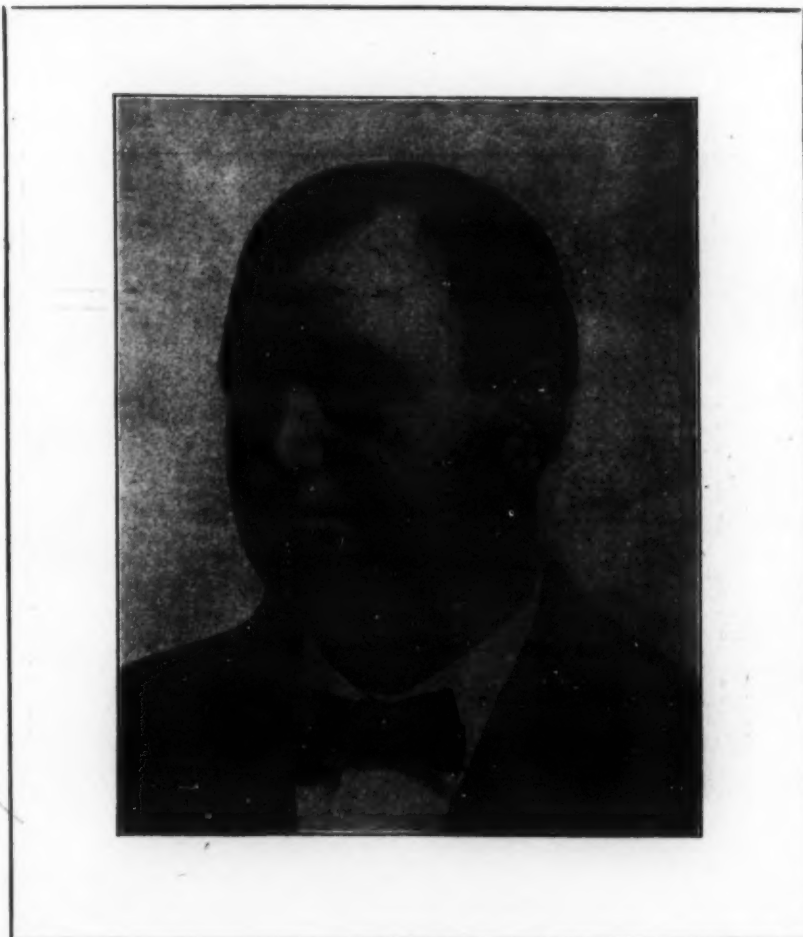
John L. Sullivan has a delicate sense of humor. Writing from the coast to a friend in Chicago, the ex-champion says: "My show is doing fine out here. My bit is about \$800 per week. The trouble is, I am so lame with rheumatism that I can't get around to spend it."

Too bad John wasn't afflicted with the same ailment ten years ago, when "his bit" averaged \$800 per night.

It doesn't look as if they wanted any of Oscar Gardner in England. Over a month has elapsed since "Paddy" Sullivan, Gardner's man of business, posted \$500 and authorized me to begin negotiations for a match with Curley, Jabez White or "Pedlar" Palmer. Sullivan's proposition was to fight Curley at 117 pounds, White at 120 pounds and Palmer at 118 pounds. A series of three matches was offered, the first with Curley, to take place some time in May before the season closed, and the others in October. In my letter to England on Sullivan's behalf I said that Gardner would fight Curley in Birmingham, owing to the latter being in disfavor at the National Sporting Club. If Curley declined the proposition the offer was good for Jabez White, the fight to take place at either the

Olympic Club, Birmingham, or the National Sporting Club of London. Sullivan likewise authorized me to say that if he was assured of getting a square deal he would wager any sum within reasonable proportions in the way of a side stake. He made no extraordinary demands in the way of inducements, simply a \$3,000 purse in either instance. In view of the fact that a match of international importance between Gardner and either of the above mentioned men would attract a \$10,000 house in New York city, the figure named by Sullivan was far from being unreasonable.

Strange to say, absolutely nothing has been heard from England on the subject, and the prospect of Gardner fighting there is not very bright. Palmer talks of coming to America again, and so does "Ben" Jordan, if he can rid himself of an obnoxious contract which he foolishly made with Martin Dowling on the



"BAT" MASTERSON.
Famous Western Sporting Man and Club Manager of Denver, Col

occasion of a former visit, and to the faithful observance of which Dowling insists that he will hold him.

So far as Curley and Jabez White are concerned, however, neither of them appear to be alarmingly anxious for the "Omaha Kid's" little game.

"Tommy" Sharkey seems to be again at his old habit of consorting with the pipe. One day last week, while under the soothing influence of a fresh supply of Imperial No. 3, he handed the following to a too confidential representative of a Western newspaper:

"Tom Sharkey, the pugilist, says he made \$135,000 in the fighting business during the past four years."

"Tommy" is all right in many things, but he can't resist the joy of "stringing a gilly" when he gets the chance.

From thirteen per cent to \$135,000 in four years is a mere coincidence to a man with such a vivid imagination as the genial sailor is possessed of. I'd give everything I have in the world for the luxury of one of those dreams.

"Fitzsimmons is mum," says a newspaper headline. These must be trying days for him if he is going to maintain that unfamiliar condition.

Instead of being a Night Blooming Cereus, George McFadden proved to be nothing more than a Morning Glory in his fight with Frank Erne. He gave "Joe" Gans a terrible beating, and his success on that occasion inspired the hope that he had "class" which would develop with experience. When he met

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL

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a man of real quality, like Erne, McFadden's "class" proved to be of a decidedly inferior grade. The Buffalo lion won from him with a long lead of points, and despite what McFadden's admirers believe, with more enthusiasm than judgment, to be the case, there was too much of a margin to justify discrimination in the latter's favor by calling it a draw.

I overheard one of McFadden's most rabid supporters use as the leverage of an argument the fact that Erne had tried at least fifty times to land a blow on his opponent without success.

Exactly so, and if Erne hadn't tried at least fifty times to land his blows there would not have been any fight. McFadden was smothered up and blocking all the time, and all the false leads and feints made by Erne to draw a lead from the former availed him nothing. All the damage Erne received was the result of counter blows. Some credit must be given to the man who does the leading, and by so doing leaves himself open. It would be a tiresome proceeding to witness two men standing like automata in the ring, each waiting for the other to lead. One or the other must give away the advantage, and it is invariably the man who wants to do the fighting that does it. In this case it was Erne. He did the leading, assumed the disadvantages and won a fair decision.

Pugilists envy Aguinaldo as the most widely advertised man of the day. It isn't worth a cent to him in his business, however!

"If a man would keep his opinions to himself no one would deny him right to them."—*Exchange*.
Yes. But where would the fun of being a Corbett, Sharkey or Fitzsimmons come in.

"Tom" Sharkey has had a change of heart since Peter Maher failed to knock out "Gus" Ruhlin, and now says with much boldness that he will fight the brawly Galway man for anything from the Harp of Erin to a sprig of green. By the "green" he probably means a bundle of the "long and dirty."

Speaking of "harps," though, from time to time during the past few weeks we have been regaled with stories about a wonderful bit of a man named "Mike"

Morrissey, who is being imported from Ireland to fight "Tom" Sharkey. According to the tales which are being handed around, none of which I have been able to trace to any authoritative source, however, this newest addition to the line of Irish fistful heroes, has knocked forty-seven kinds of tar out of Peter Maher, and made every other man whom he has met look like a Canadian quarter and a plugged nickel. Strange as it may appear, however, Peter says he never heard of his pugnacious countryman, and "every other man whom he has met" is too vague and general to cut much frozen aqua in making up Morrissey's record.

Three weeks ago I was told that "Mike" was on his way over from Ireland. As he has not yet arrived I opine he is making the journey on a raft.

Later—He has arrived.

It looks as if "Dan" Stuart was going to break into the Colorado fighting game. I am informed that the noted sport promoter is making 1,200 mile overland trip, from Dallas to Denver, on horseback, so as to reach there about the time the new fighting law goes into effect. Incidentally Stuart said:

"I have a copy of the new law of Colorado permitting prize fights in that State. I consider it a strong law in the interest of the sport. It permits fights to a finish under reasonable restrictions, such as physical condition of contestants, etc.

"I expect to see the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight if it takes place at Denver. I shall make up my mind then as to what I will do under the Colorado law, which looks all right at this distance. I was not surprised at the hard slugging or the outcome of the Maher-Ruhlin fight."

If Stuart persists in his purpose to "play" in the Colorado game, some of those Denver promoters will be forced to do a lively hustle to hold on to a single white check.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

POLICE GAZETTE CHALLENGE COLUMN

A Medium to Air the Wants of
Aspiring Sports.

The frequency with which we have received requests to publish challenges has urged us to open a column in the POLICE GAZETTE to be devoted exclusively to this purpose. The only request which we make is that letter writers will make their communications as brief, concise and explicit as possible. The full name and address must be given in each instance, and all anonymous epistles will find their way to the waste basket.

A CHANCE FOR A SIDE BET.

PADUCAH, Ky., May 1, 1899.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I would like to know if you could arrange a match with anybody for "Jack" Bolan at 128 or 130 pounds for a good purse and a side bet of \$500 to \$1,000, preference for "Dave" Sullivan or "Jack" O'Brien. Hoping to receive an early reply, I remain, respectfully yours,

D. J. LEVY,
Manager for "Jack" Bolan.

PICKS OUT A HARD MARK.

MONTREAL, Can., April 26, 1899.

DEAR SIR: I wish to say that I am going to take a trip to New York in July and will meet all comers in the bantamweight or featherweight class, that is from 100 to 118 pounds. I would prefer George Dixon, who claims to be champion. I have fought thirty-seven finish fights and never was defeated so far. I hold the bantam and featherweight championship of Canada. I wish to hear from you.

Yours truly,
GEORGE FANE,
Bantam and Featherweight Champion of Canada.

CHANCE FOR SPEEDY SHAVERS.

TRENTON, Mich., May 5, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I noticed in your last week's issue the barbers' challenges, so I thought I would write to you and get you to publish this in your next issue. J. Rieger, Trenton, Mich., has a record for being a swift shaver and the best tonsorial artist in Trenton; his speed is two and one-half minutes, twice over the face; been at the business thirty-eight years, is sixty-two years of age, and is healthy and strong, and would like a match with some speedy shaver, and oblige a

SUBSCRIBER OF THE POLICE GAZETTE.

CHALLENGES ANY LOCAL MAN.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., May 1, 1899.

DEAR SIR:—I this day mail you a photograph of a crack 125-pound man who is open to fight any man in the State at that weight. His fighting name is "Shorty" Reckner, and is admired by every sporting man in this city on account of his strong fighting qualities. His affairs are looked after by the Brandon Athletic Club. I am a great admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE, and we could not get along without it at the club. It is the greatest sporting medium published. With many regards, I remain yours respectfully,

JOHN C. RIEDY,
Manager Brandon Athletic Club.

WANTS TO FIGHT BARRY.

James A. Burke, of New Orleans, La., the champion bantamweight pugilist of the South, who recently won that title by defeating Charles McKeever, of Atlanta, Ga., in five rounds, would like to get a match with any man in the world for the championship, Champion "Jimmy" Barry, of Chicago, or Casper Leon preferred.

"BILLY" McKEEVER, Manager.

RAT-KILLER WANTS A MATCH.

BUTTE, Mont., May 17, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I wish you would please insert the following article in your sporting column: I hereby challenge any man in the world to compete with me in a rat-killing match; the man who kills the greatest number of rats with his mouth in 15 minutes will be credited with being the champion of the world, as to-day I stand the undefeated champion rat-killer of both continents, willing to accede location of battle to any one who accepts this challenge. Will battle for any sum from \$100 to \$1,000, and will make a deposit on receipt of a reciprocal.

Please give this your kind consideration.

Yours, etc.,
PROF. JOE PEIRANO,
P. O. Box 1307, Butte, Mont.

DEATH IN A CURVED BALL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Hugh Cavanagh, twenty-two years old, was killed by a pitched ball in the game between the Washington Club of Montclair, N. J., and the Emerald Club of Newark, at the former place.

Cavanagh was at the bat, and the ball, which was a swift lusher, struck him over the heart.

Frank Erne, the clever Buffalo lightweight, will be the supplement next week. The half-tone picture was reproduced from one of the best photographs ever taken of Erne.

"JACK" SIMMINS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Another addition has been made to the list of pugilists' managers in the person of "Jack" Simmins, of Philadelphia, who is now looking after the professional interests of "Joe" Butler, the famous negro heavy-weight, George Cole, of Trenton, N. J., and "Bud" Artis.

ALL THE COMPLETE RECORDS

Of sports of every kind up to December 31, 1898, will be found in the POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL for 1899. Price, 10 cents each. All newsdealers or mailed direct from this office.

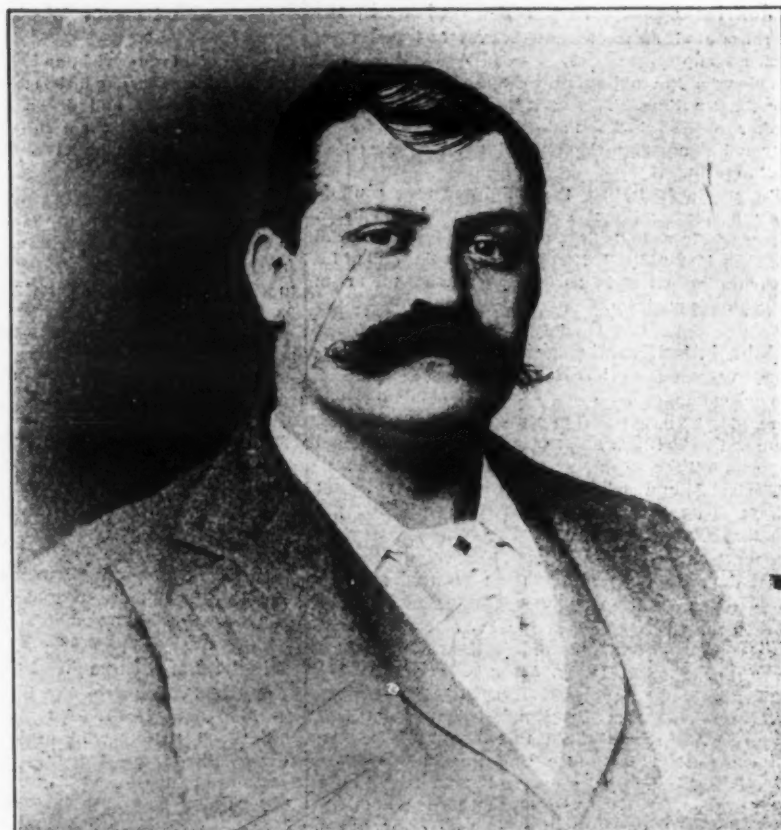
ELEGANT ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR MEDAL FOR A LUCKY BARTENDER---SEE PAGE 14 THIS ISSUE

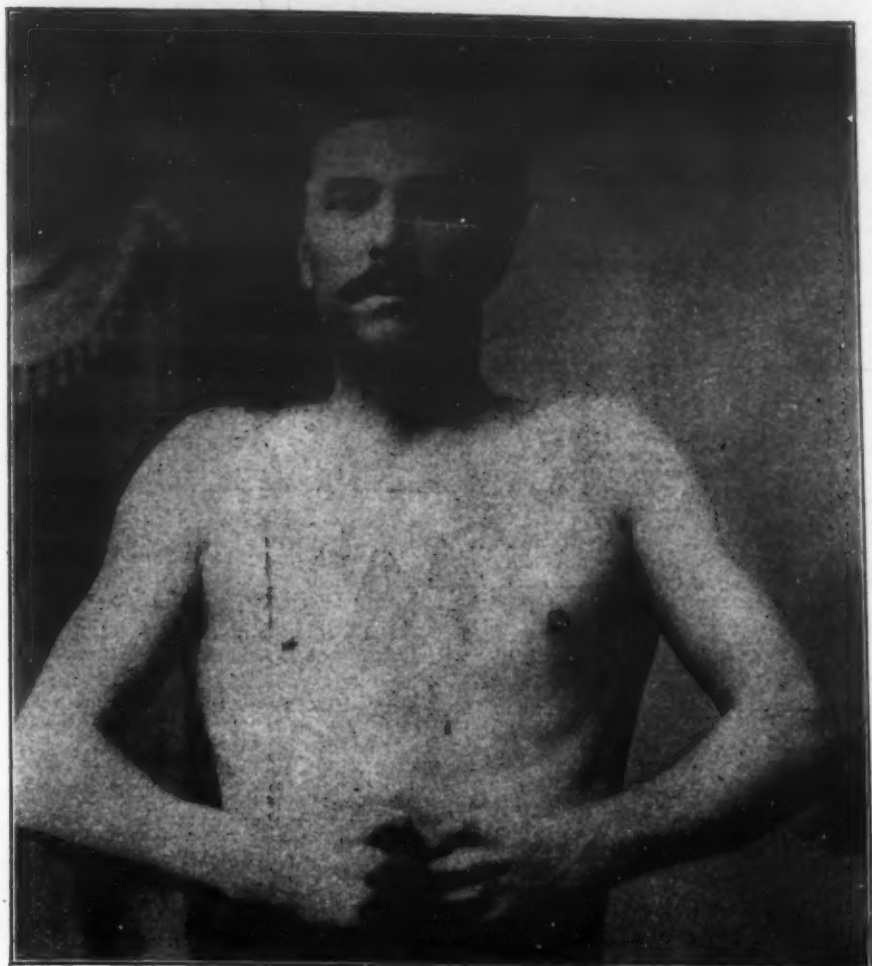
**"WILL" OWEN.**

A BRAVE SEA SWIMMER OF FASHIONABLE LLANDUDNO, WALES.

**"DAVEY" GARRICK ROBERTS.**

POPULAR LICENSEE OF THE ALBERT HOTEL, LLANDUDNO, WALES.

**JOHN H. W. BYRNE.**FAMOUS AND POPULAR COMEDIAN AND A
CLEVER MONOLOGUE ENTERTAINER.**ALBERT WICKES.**POPULAR AND EFFICIENT CHIEF OF POLICE
OF COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.**T. E. SNYDER, JR.**PROPRIETOR OF THE METROPOLITAN
HOTEL AT EATONTOWN, N. J.**HARRY C. VOGEL.**HUSTLING YOUNG NEWSDEALER OF MAZOMANIE, WIS., WHO FINDS
A READY SALE FOR POLICE GAZETTES.**JOHN O'FLAHERTY.**HE IS THE POSTMASTER AT BUCKHEAD, GA.,
WHERE HE OWNS A FINE HOTEL.



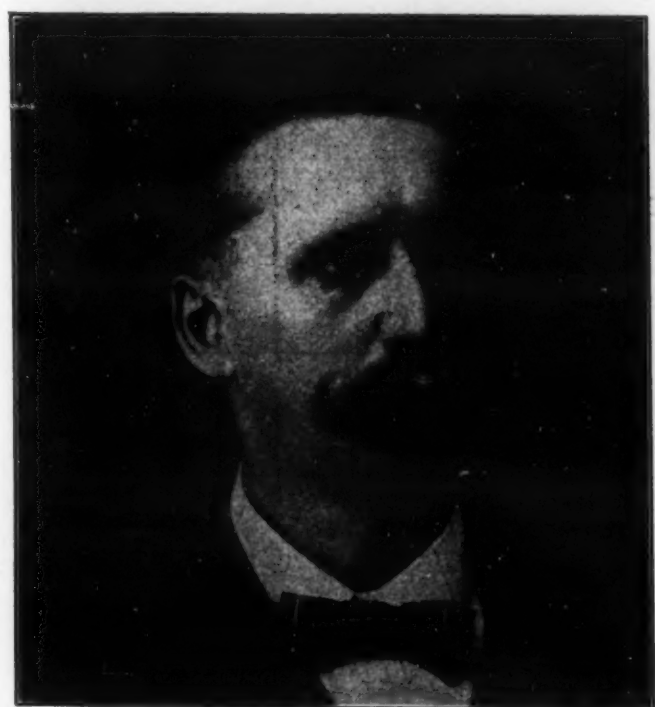
J. A. ALLDREDGE.

FISTIC ASPIRANT WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE WHIPPED "JIM" HALL.



"CHAMPION."

WINNER OF FOUR GREAT BATTLES WITH BIG MONEY WAGERED.



H. A. HAMLIN.

A POPULAR SALOON KEEPER OF DENNISON, O.



"JACK" SIMMINS.

WHO MANAGES SEVERAL NOTED PUGILISTS.



"TOM" JENKINS.

FAMOUS ALL-ROUND WRESTLER OF CLEVELAND.



"JOE" STURCH.

CLEVER CHICAGO BANTAMWEIGHT WHO FIGHTS AT 100 POUNDS.



"YOUNG KENNY."

WELL-KNOWN WESTERN PUGILIST WHO HAS WON MANY BATTLES.

POLICE GAZETTE BARTENDERS MEDAL

To be Given to the Man Who
Sends the Best Recipe.

TRY FOR IT, DRINK MIXERS

Here's a Chance to Win a \$100 Trophy,
Presented by Richard K. Fox.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who has given away more medals and trophies than any other man in the world, has decided



VAL SPIELMANN.

to put up another handsome prize for competition. This time the bartenders will get a chance. The medal is to be made of solid gold and suitably inscribed. It will be worth \$100, and well worth winning.

In order to enter the lists all that is necessary is to send to the POLICE GAZETTE office a recipe for a new mixed drink, which will be tried by three New York experts, and the man who in their opinion sends in the best one by October 1, 1899, will be awarded the medal. Some of these recipes will be printed every week, and as much publicity as possible given to them. All new drinks must have a name.

It is hardly necessary to state that the medal will be awarded on merit, as the name of Richard K. Fox is always synonymous with fairness.

Bartenders are requested to send their photographs for publication, as well as a few lines about themselves. The POLICE GAZETTE will advertise you and supply you with new recipes for drinks every week.

Here is a great chance for the hustlers, and without doubt the best man will win.

Many letters which have been received from proprietors of cafes, hotels and saloons state that the free POLICE GAZETTE supplements, when framed and hung in a conspicuous place, draw trade.

The photographs of bartenders and saloon keepers are solicited for this column. Send them in.

Val Spielmann, whose portrait is printed in this column, tends bar for George Voelkl at the First Avenue Hotel, 1093 First Avenue, New York city. He is a good fellow, popular with the customers of the place and he is sure to be heard from in the bartenders contest.

Send your photographs, bartenders, for publication in this column. They will be returned to you.

GOSSIP OF BARTENDERS.

Joseph Buckley of the Dewey Hotel, Washington, D. C., is noted for his fine cocktails.

"Marty" McDonald's place on the Bowery, Coney Island, is the rendezvous for the sports.

David Kessler, owner of the Pacific Garden, Akron, O., is a popular man with the sporting fraternity.

"Tom" Grey is looking after the interests of Hamlin's Hotel, on the Ocean Boulevard, Coney Island.

J. B. Chambliss has a finely fitted up cafe at Rome, Ga., where he is well liked by his many acquaintances.

Frank L. Switzer is the proprietor of the finest barroom in Gallipolis, O., and he is an expert with the dice box.

"Billy" Kay, who can be found at Wieck's saloon, Baton Rouge, La., is a good fellow on both sides of the bar.

C. W. Thompson, owner of a cafe on Ridge street, Glen Falls, N. Y., takes a great interest in amateur athletics.

"Pete" Boyle, head bartender at Alderman Croun's saloon, corner of Water and Dover streets, New York city, is one of the most popular men in the ward.

"Jack" Mack, who "mixes 'em up" in McKee's Bros. cafe, Carmine and Bleecker streets, New

York city, is one of the best dressed mixologists in the business.

The two "Bills," Shannon and Akers, are the joint owners of a popular sporting house at 12 Turk street, San Francisco.

Dick Goodheim, owner of "The Burlington," 141 West Fifth street, Cincinnati, is one of the best known sporting men in town.

Martin Murphy, the famous trainer, has one of the finest saloons, The Casino, on the Pacific coast, at 12 Mason street, San Francisco.

William Smith, of 2736 O'Donnell street, Baltimore, Md., says the POLICE GAZETTE is not only interesting, but instructive as well.

William Lyons, who has a fine saloon at 218 Post street, San Francisco, Cal., has a fine collection of theatrical celebrities in his place.

C. Finch, proprietor of The Tannery Cafe, Elizabeth, N. J., is a critic when it comes to horseflesh. He can tell a good horse a mile away.

Blos Flynn, manager of Mike Callahan's popular resort, on Chatham Square, New York city, is one of the best known men in town.

"Bert" Nason, of the Davy Crockett, 843 Market street, is one of the best judges of good liquors on the coast. He is a thorough good fellow.

Peter Neary and John Anderson are very popular with the patrons of Brassell's cafe, at Madison and Catharine streets, New York city.

William H. Conley, the owner of a fine place at Connersville, Ind., is an enthusiastic admirer of all kinds of legitimate sport and a good fellow.

Henry Ponsl, of the Sumter House, Baton Rouge, La., is one of the finest bartenders in the State and will be glad to see any Northern visitors.

Al Russell, who tends bar at Johnny Reagan's place, corner of Bayard street and the Bowery, New York city, rarely misses a good boxing match.

Charley Jagels tends to the politicians and clubmen in a most satisfactory way at Lexington avenue and Eighty-fourth street, New York city.

"Dick" Goodheim, proprietor of the Burlington, 141 West Fifth street, Cincinnati, O., is a popular sporting man, who takes a great interest in all legitimate sports.

Billy Wall is still at the old stand, John Denely's Henry cafe, Henry and Pike streets, New York city. Bill says the Domino Club will win every game this season.

John F. Crowley, who owns The Rosalie, at 17 Mason street, San Francisco, Cal., knows how to cater to his customers, and you can get a song with every drink at his saloon.

Willie Flood, who is one of the men behind the bar at the New England Hotel, corner of Bayard street and the Bowery, New York city, is one of the most popular men on the Bowery.

Andrew Curtin, who is the best man behind the bar at P. A. Lennon's wine rooms, 46 East avenue, Pawtucket, R. I., is a clever trick pool player and would like to make a match.

Harry P. Jackson, of 340 West Fifth street, Kansas City, Mo., is one of the best judges of runners in the State. He has been a POLICE GAZETTE reader for ten years and banks on it.

Hughy Martin is still making lots of friends through his humorous disposition. His friends say the drinks taste much better when served by Hughy, when they call at Councilman Foley's cafe, South and James slip, New York city.

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Use a small bar glass.
Take one tablespoonful of orange syrup,
Two dashes of Boker's bitters,
One wine glass of brandy,
One or two pieces of lemon peel.
Fill the tumbler one-third with ice,
Stir well with a spoon, and
Strain into a cocktail glass.

— From the "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide."

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Silver Plume, Col., May 15, '99.
Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find 10 cents to pay for a "Sporting Annual." Having heard of what it contains I have decided to buy one.

I read with pleasure your paper. Please send the book as quick as possible, because I have some very important bets to decide, and think your information is the truest.

RAY COUGHLIN.

"WHAT'S THE USE? I'M MURDERED!"
"Charley" Johnson's Characteristic Utterance
When "Joe" Walcott Beat Him.

"Joe" Walcott is certainly coming back to his old-time form. Following close upon his victory over "Dan" Creedon he gave "Charley" Johnson, of Minneapolis, a terrific beating on May 8. He had the latter practically knocked out in the tenth round of what was to have been a fifteen-round fight in the Ariel Athletic Club, Athens, a suburb of Philadelphia. Johnson was in no condition to fight, and was completely outclassed.

In the ten rounds Johnson made but five leads, and landed only three times. The worst damage he did was to split Walcott's lip in the first round, when the colored fighter, in ducking one of Johnson's swings, received an uppercut. After that he did no damage at all, and merely tried to stand off the fighting Walcott. The latter administered severe punishment to Johnson, whose ribs were almost raw from the terrific hammering he received.

The Boston man kept jabbing the Minneapolis man with his left, and always was on the lookout for a chance to deliver a knockout blow. He knocked Johnson down in the first and eighth rounds. When Johnson came up for the ninth round he was groggy, but managed to stay the round out. In the tenth Walcott began playing for his head, and in the middle of the round sent Johnson against the ropes.

"Jack" Fogarty, of Philadelphia, who acted as referee, separated the men, and as he did so Johnson's hands fell to his side. The referee asked him if he wanted to go on, and Johnson replied:

"What's the use? I'm all murdered up."

Fogarty then awarded the fight to Walcott.

The preliminary event was between "Sam" Bolan, colored, of New York, and Harry Warren, a local man, and was to have been for ten rounds; but the New York man was far superior to the Quaker, and the fight ended in the ninth round, when Warren was knocked out. He was unconscious for three minutes.

These were the first fights that have taken place in this club in more than a year. The place was closed on account of the fatal termination of a fight between local men. There were about 1,500 spectators present.

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